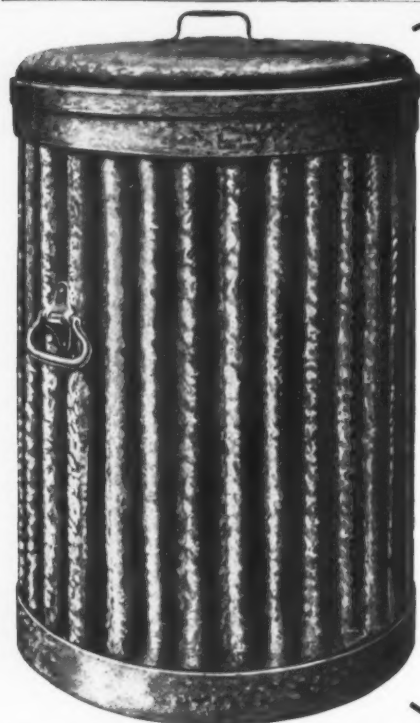




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LL farmers who have grown discreet
Have offices on William Street—
Or Broad will do—
And farms accessible and green,
Where air is pure and water clean,
And with a view.

This city life's not everything
Of which a poet likes to sing.
It cramps a man,
And drives him hard and wears his nerves.
He wants no more of it than serves
To push his plan.

A share of it won't hurt him much.
It profits him to keep in touch
With other guys.
To mark the upshot of their strife
And get some of it for his wife
Is not unwise.

But to be *always* hunting loot—
What sort is he that that can suit?
Out on the cuss!
Ding-dong downtown and rush about,

And ding-dong back. Perpetual rout
And ceaseless fuss!

To such the ticker's baneful click
Sounds sweeter than the rippling creek,
Or eke the birds.
The office buildings' tottering height
Beats hills in his distorted sight.
He passes words!

The disconnected farmer man
Has this defect about his plan,
That average fields
Exact attentions more profuse
Than profitable, to produce
Reluctant yields.

If you would long the country praise
Don't live too much on what you raise.
That way's not best.
But let the city do its share;
The country furnish sun and air,
The town the rest.

Or mix your crops. Like one I knew
Who planted roots that duly grew,

And went to town,
And laid him in a thousand shares
Of Anaconda, bought from bears
For salting down.

He phosphatized his roots. They did
Uncommon well. The stocks lay hid
Waiting advance,
Till, roots and stocks becoming dear,
He made a hundred thousand clear
On those two plants.

Farming's a gamble. I don't say
That roots will always act that way,
But when they do,
It's apt to be because combined
With city products of a kind
To pull them through.

So every farmer that's discreet
Hangs out his sign on Nassau Street—
Or Pine or Wall—
And what the farm denies his sweat
He works his wits in town to get,
Nor grieves at all.

E. S. Martin.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. MARCH 22, 1906. No. 1221.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE sandtagging in Senate Committee of the Philippines Tariff bill is so painful a subject that we apologize for alluding to it. The purpose of the bill was to help Philippines trade and diffuse an approximation to prosperity among some

of the Filipinos by granting them free trade with this country except as to rice, tobacco and sugar, and to reduce the duty on those commodities and abolish it altogether after three years. By a vote of eight to five the Philippines Committee of the Senate refused to report the bill, three Republicans voting for it and five against. The open objection to the bill was that it meddled with the sacred tariff, but the dissatisfaction of Senators with the President's views about railroad rate-making also contributed to its defeat. Some day this bill will be passed, but when, no man can tell, and meanwhile the existing tariff will continue wantonly to strangle the prosperity of the Philippines. Heaven knows LIFE has never coveted those remote and embarrassing possessions, and will welcome the day that sees the string cut that connects them with this republic, but it would like to see them get something like a square deal while our responsibility for them lasts, and that the existing tariff denies them. Let the Senate go on now and refuse to fortify the Philippine ports. Perhaps in time some juster nation than ours may capture them.

The Philippines Tariff bill was one of four measures the Administration

especially wanted to pass. The others are the Statehood bill, the San Domingo bill and the Railroad Rates measure. The last will probably become a law in some form, and may be the better in the end for the long wrangle over it in the Senate. The opposition in the Senate to the bill architected by Mr. Hepburn and passed by the House is not only strong but exceedingly respectable. Whether the bill, as finally amended and passed by the Senate—if it does pass—will be good for anything, is, of course, something that only a seventh son could predict, but it is certain that our extensive railroad industry will survive any measure that survives the Senate.

Meanwhile the spring comes on a whooping, and, so far as appears at this writing, the only crop that is known to have been harmed by our queer winter was the ice crop, and the more urgent anti-ice-trust newspapers insist that there was not much amiss with that.



THE free and independent Americans who met at Mr. Stokes' country house the first Saturday in March to compare ideas about the progress and destinies of the American race got rather more advertisement than they needed. But that did no harm. Some amusing stories were written about them, but the stories did no harm, either. They were not able to agree on any sudden method of ameliorating human destinies, but that is not surprising. Only the handful of Socialists who were of their number had a definite ready-made remedy for everything to offer, and to the majority, who are not Socialists yet, that remedy did not appeal. All the same, they must have had a first-rate time. We have not heard of any recent gathering where the conditions were more favorable for enjoyment. We did not notice among the names of Mr. Stokes' guests any people of recognized stupidity. They were all people who had ideas, and wanted to talk about them. Some of them may have been long-winded—there may have been trouble about that, but we surmise that on the whole they had a lot of fun, and justi-

fied their gathering. There is no better fun than good talk, and there are no ideas that are better adapted to make good talk than such as concern the improvement of society, and the promotion of human happiness.



OUR over-the-border contemporary, the *Canadian Magazine*, deprecates the fuss made about "the charming and all-conquering American girl," and avers that "the most attractive American is she who is educated abroad, who imitates the voice of the English woman and the dress of the French woman, and who uses the money accruing from Chicago pork or New York stocks to buy, so far as such things may be bought, the old world graces of speech and attire."

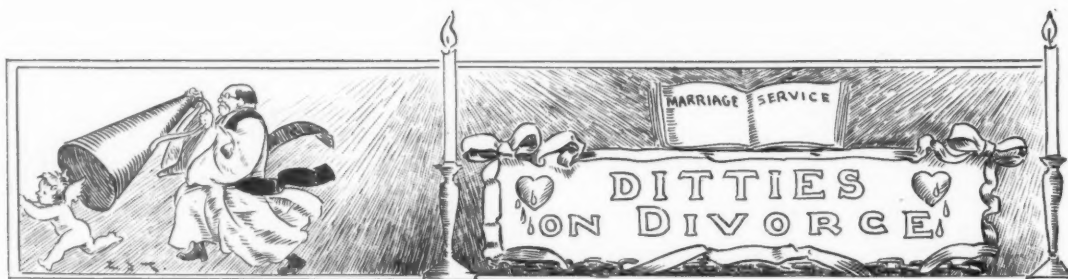
The English woman's voice is pleasant. To imitate it shows a wise discernment. The French woman's dress is charming, and to pattern after it is to use the best model. Give the American girl credit then for taste in borrowing the English woman's voice and not her clothes, and in borrowing the French woman's clothes instead of some of her other properties—her husband, for example. It is a wise girl that having the treasures of the world to choose from knows what to take and what to let alone.

Moreover, our contemporary does not tell the whole story about the American girls. We disagree with its opinion that the most attractive of them are those who are educated abroad. So few of them are educated abroad that they hardly count. The qualities (besides money) that have made American women attractive to Europeans are homebred, the fruit of our own atmosphere and institutions. The American girl is the product of a freer social condition, and of more abundant liberty of thought and behavior than is experienced by any of her sisters in Europe. Therein lies the vital difference between her and them. It is a difference that is not always profitable to her, but when it is profitable it is highly significant and helps a great deal to make her interesting.



· HARRISON CADY ·

GETTING READY FOR SPRING.



The Churchmen.

"DIVORCES are on the increase! — help! help!"

We hear all the pulpit-police yelp, yelp.
They pound on the Bible, as it were to blame;
They dance round the altar, emitting blue flame.
They fulminate frenzies at lax legislatures,
And brand hapless women with crass nomenclatures.

They cry that but one thing can rescue the nation:—
To rob human wedlock of purification.
They lump all divorces as justice miscarriage,
Forbidding both sinner and victim remarriage.
They treat discontent as an evil quite recent
And laud any homelife however indecent.

They'd make every wedding a penal life sentence
Denying retrial, release, or repentance.
For wedlock's a contract that's always intact
However the people that made it may act;
The party that breaks every pledge that was made
May still bind the other—the church lending aid.



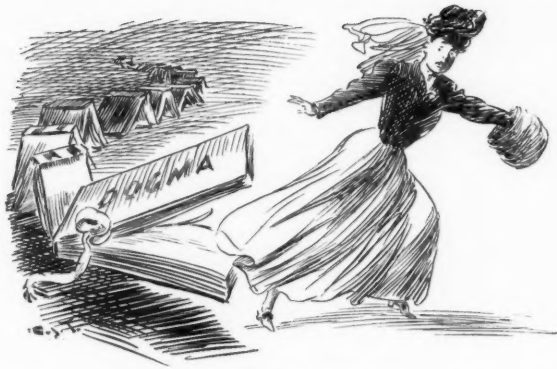
"Degrading complacency" wins their high praise."



"They dance round the altar, emitting blue flame."

They count it a sin, though, to use such a name
As "contract" concerning the marriage-game.
For wedlock, they vow, is a sacrosanct rite,
Whoever weds whom, and however they fight.
Degrading "complacency" wins their high praise
And they organize boycotts to hound divorcées.
With vain holy-water, brute lust they would quench,
And call it a sacrament, though it's a stench!

And yet they all wonder and clamor, "Oh, oh,
Why do congregations keep dwindling so low?
We hire an enlarged comic opera choir;
We never allude to such things as hell-fire.
The downiest cushions are placed in each pew,
All subjects unpleasant are strictly taboo.
Yet, much as we shorten and sugar the pill,
Or turn the church-service to pure vaudeville,
Conversions grow rarer, collections more small,
We'll soon have to pay folks for coming at all."



"The bark of the dogma is worse than its bite."

But still will the public make answer, No, No!
The minds of you churchmen are always too slow.
We're learning at last to see matters aright,
The bark of your dogma is worse than its bite.
The churchmen still practice their ancient mistake,
And never lead progress, but put on the brake;
They march looking backward, and preach retrogression;
Or, if they're in front, then they block the procession.

John Lomax.

A Closed Field and Much Favor.

IT will be a fantastic victory if the "Regulars" defeat the Osteopaths at Albany. The contention that the Osteopath should not be allowed to practice until he has been through a course of medicine deserves credit as a clever trick to damage a rival. And the rival in this case is rapidly fortifying himself in public esteem. That an Osteopath should be compelled to take a degree in medicine is far less reasonable than forcing a clergyman to take a course in astronomy.

Let the public be considered in this matter rather than the prosperity of any particular school. The thousands of hopeless invalids and cripples made well by Osteopaths are the proper arguments to be accepted.

The Eternal Question.

MRS. STINGY: What do you want to leave us for, Bridget? I'm sure we have treated you as one of the family.

BRIDGET: Indade, an' you hov', ma'am, an' Oi've stood it long enough.

In the Suburbs.

THE SECRETARY: I find that your property in Swampville cost you four dollars a foot, sir. What price are you willing to sell it for?

THE RICH VICTIM: Oh, I'll let it go for two dollars a gallon.

MR. PARVIE-NEW: It's all rubbish this fuss people are making about the yellow peril!

MRS. PARVIE-NEW: Oh, is it? Just look at our son in his automobile with that champagne blonde.



Aux Armes.

FIRST POSITION: Nobody wishes war.

Second Position: Certain politicians, in order to provide the occasion for diplomatic negotiation, since they are nothing if not in the public eye, cast a quantity of dust in the air, join with politicians of some other nation who are in a like fix, and arrange a conference of all the powers.

Third Position: The conference wraps itself in mystery and throws out dark hints about national honor; the newspapers emit hot air; the unfeathered geese who abound in all walks of life get to cackling; whoever ventures to ask what it is all about gets himself denounced as a copperhead; and a war sentiment is engendered.

Fourth Position: The world is on fire, until there is glory enough for all.

Fifth Position: Taxes; more taxes; peace with honor, and still taxes.

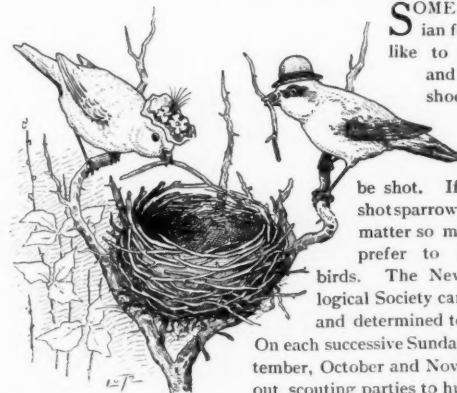
Constant.

"PAPA, is Heaven paved with gold?"

"So they say."

"I should think they would be tearing up the streets all the time."

Italian Bird Shooters Sentenced.



SOME of our Italian fellow-citizens like to shoot birds, and consider the shooting good anywhere where there are birds to be shot. If they merely shot sparrows it would not matter so much, but they prefer to shoot song-birds. The New York Zoological Society can't stand that, and determined to take action.

On each successive Sunday during September, October and November it sent out scouting parties to hunt down certain Italians who were shooting song-birds in the vicinity of Bronx Park. October 22d the scouts captured five Italians. Frank Pacelo, Herbert Amodeo, Joseph Comoneto and Gaetano and Tony Amodeo, of Eastchester. These men were arraigned before a police magistrate, and four of them were held for trial in the Court of Special Sessions. In that court the case recently came up and was handled by Assistant District Attorney Kresel for the State, and the Hon. W. W. Niles for the Zoological Society. The men who made the arrests were there and produced the 43 song-birds (preserved in formaldehyde) which were found in the possession of the Italians at the time. After the State had produced its evidence and rested, the defendants were put on the stand; one after another, each swore that he had not killed a bird, that he was not trying to kill any birds, that he was simply visiting friends who were working in the vicinity, etc. The Court did not believe these stories, and sentenced three of the men to pay a fine of \$50 each and to serve 10 days in jail. The fourth man was fined \$25 and given 10 days in jail. Judge Olmsted, in pronouncing sentence, said that if the accused had told the truth some of them might have escaped punishment by fixing the real guilt on others, but that they had all lied so persistently, that it became necessary to assess heavy penalties on all, in order to be sure that the full measure of justice was meted out to the guilty ones. Will all our Italian subscribers please take notice that song-bird shooting hereabouts does not go?



"NOW PROMISE, MR. TOTTER, YOU WON'T LET ME FALL."
(HE PROMISES.)

Are We Gold Mines?

THE hitherto silent revolt against surgeons' fees appears to be acquiring voice. There is a general feeling that these gentlemen profit unduly by their victims' fears—and gratitude. The patient certainly takes all the risks. That the service rendered may mean life to the patient is a poor excuse for robbers' tribute. An overcoat on a cold day is also a life saver, and with no risk to the patient. But if the tailor, for that reason, should demand a thousand dollars for the garment, we should resent it.

We are told, in a recent editorial in the *New York Globe*:

Dr. Doyle may get \$500 for a story which it takes him four or five hours to write. Dr. Morris receives \$1,000 for the extirpation of an appendix, completed in twelve minutes—twice as much earned in a twentieth the time. Furthermore, if we may trust Dr. Morris's prophetic powers, the time is approaching when \$5,000 will not be considered exorbitant pay for such a feat.

But why does not Dr. Morris charge \$5,000 to-day? Why wait? If that operation is worth \$5,000 to-morrow, it is worth it to-day. And why stop at \$5,000? Why not make it \$10,000?—or a million?

Talk about plumbers!

Political.

"IN St. Petersburg," says Mr. W. T. Stead, whose one great fault is his ungovernable reticence, "I heard it constantly asserted that the revolution is being financed in England and directed from London."

Well, what is world-politics, anyway, but a branch of stock-jobbing? Grim-visaged War and Red Revolution are faithful genii of the lamp, and kings and cabinets the puppets by whose antics the public eye is kept off the real business until it is done. The Rothschild who climbed the tree at Waterloo in order that he might know

early whether to buy or to sell his country's securities, is long since dead, but his soul goes marching on.

Howe's Travels.

HOW the great round world looks to Kansas eyes may be discerned by readers of the letters which are sent home from foreign parts to the *Atchison Globe* by Editor E. W. Howe. They are good reading and have been widely quoted in the other newspapers. Mr. Howe knows and likes Kansas intimately. He left it reluctantly and is traveling around the globe. He travels submissively but without enthusiasm, observing, recording and measuring everything by Kansas standard. When he gets home the verdict of Kansas on the terrestrial sphere will be completed and filed. It is sure to be intelligent and it will differ from the verdict of Mr. Henry James on American civilization in that it will be comprehensible to an average intelligence.

But probably nothing momentous will come of it—no sweeping changes or improvements. The rest of the world could not change and be like Kansas if it would, and Kansas does not want to be like the rest of the world. It is in Mr. Howe that there is likeliest to be change. A Kansan can hardly drag himself all the way around the earth and get home with his Kansan point of view unimpaired. If Mr. Howe comes back a citizen of the world like Colonel Watterson or William Allen White, it will be tragic; one more violet jolted out of the mossy bank and evolved into a polyanthus!

One Thing Certain.

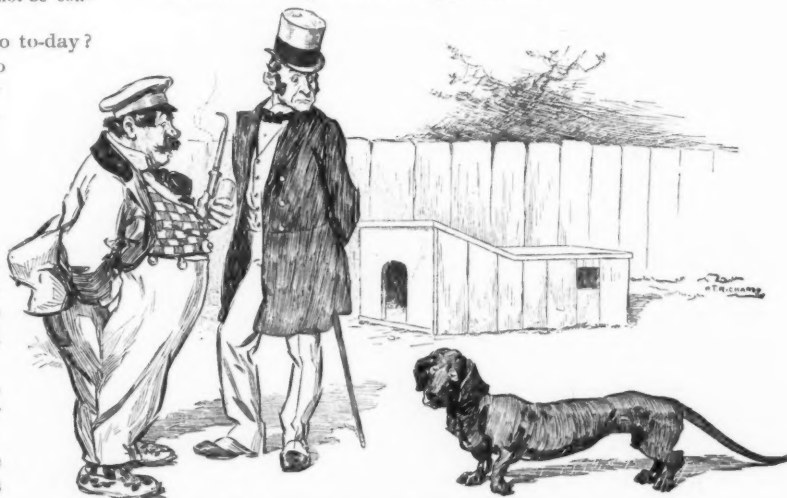
BRIGGS: Don't you think a man ought to feel dead sure about the girl he is in love with?

GRIGGS: No. If he did, he wouldn't be in love with her.

Motive.

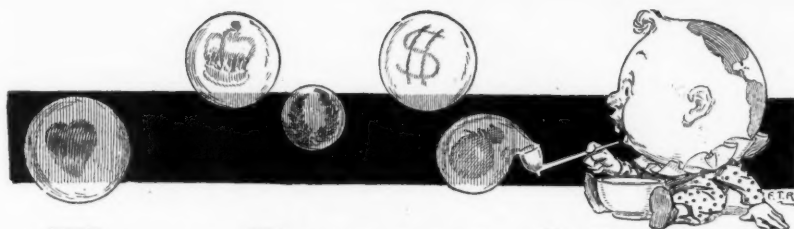
"WHATEVER started the story that robbery was the motive of the killing?"

"Well, you know, it looked at first as if death had resulted from an operation for appendicitis."



Smith: HAVE YOU HAD THAT DACHSHUND LONG?

Schmidt: DAT TOIG? ACH, NEIN, NEFFER ANY LONGER DAN HE NOW ISS!



THIS BUBBLE WORLD

THE female lawyer is still sufficiently rare to maintain her position as a curiosity.—*Boston Herald*.

Not so important as whether she can maintain herself as a lawyer.

Because a man or a woman has reached the age of sixty they should be chloroformed unto death! Preposterous is such an idea.—*Archbishop Farley*.

But not so preposterous as the notion that any one has ever advanced such an idea. It is the idea attributed to Dr. Osler, but neither he nor any other sane person ever really put it forward.

Dr. Wiley says no genuine Scotch whiskey is sent to this country.—*Indianapolis News*.

What with adulterated food
And counterfeited booze,
Is there anything safe
For any one to use?

Winston Churchill received \$40,000 for his Life of Lord Randolph Churchill, his father, and royalties are coming to him also.—*Boston Transcript*.

There's a great deal in knowing how to handle a distinguished parent.

Four battleships cost more money than is given by all Protestant Christendom in a year for missions.—*News Item*.

A small expenditure for missionaries can make trouble enough to warrant the over-expenditure in battleships.

News comes from San Francisco that a human skin brings \$500.—*St. Joseph's News*.

What price for Chauncey's and Deuel's hides?

Over in Germany they now have "jail editors"—men hired to go to jail in place of bona fide editors.—*Boston Transcript*.

Over here we might have "jail insurance-company officers," if insurance-company officers were ever sent to jail.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) says that a revulsion against ostentatious display is growing in this country.—*New York Evening Sun*.

It's too bad that Mrs. Craigie wasn't invited to the opera.

Civilization in Russia will get forward on the ballot box.—*New York Tribune*.

It might be accelerated if Russia would import a few of our Tammany stuffers.

Dr. Depew is to be dropped from the Yale board of trustees next.—*Boston Globe*.

What will the Doctor do with himself when the United States Senate is not in session?

It really looks as if the Longworths were going to be permitted to settle down into comparative quiet and obscurity. Happy pair.—*Boston Herald*.
To say nothing about the rest of us.

King Edward thinks of crooking his little finger and preventing war between Germany and France.—*Chicago News*.

Keep off the grass, Edward. Theodore is attending to that.

A Pittsburg man was stricken blind at the theatre.—*Buffalo News*.
Not an unmitigated misfortune if he was looking at a Trust chorus.

A woman whose husband has given her a whipping once every two weeks for the past ten years has decided to sue him for divorce.—*Louisville Times*.

Some women are never satisfied.

Why should the Japanese worry over methods to make themselves grow larger?—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Just a natural desire to live longer.

The State Department is said to "take a gloomy view of the Moroccan situation."—*Washington Post*.

Cheer up, S. D. Don't worry about what's none of your business.

People doubtless have a right to know what they are taking into their stomachs.—*Washington Star*.

A right which our law-makers will not recognize.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST.
THREATENING.





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NIAGARA FALLS.

1916.



Two Different Kinds of Fun-Making.



MR. FRANCIS WILSON produced his new piece, "The Mountain Climber," at the Criterion the evening after Mr. Lawrance D'Orsay made his bow at Daly's in "The Embassy Ball." Although the two entertainments were radically different, it was impossible not to draw a mental comparison between them. Comparisons are odious we know from John Fortescue, Marlowe, Cervantes and a host of other worthies who speak with authority, but comparisons have their value in establishing standards. They are odious to those whom the comparisons hurt, no doubt, but Huxley says comparison is the essence of every science, and there is no reason why it should not be of especial value in the indefinite art of criticism. In the present instance it is perhaps of more value in measuring audiences than in fixing artistic values.

Mr. Wilson's play is taken from the German and is a broad farce which, as Mr. Wilson interprets it, consists principally of horse-play. The leading character is a husband who, through his own deception of a hero-worshipping wife, achieves fame as a mountain-climber. In fact, he does not know a mountain from a mole-hill and is a thorough coward, so that when transplanted to the Alps and put to the test only the chivalry of his friends saves him from exposure, and the curtain goes down with his wife still believing in his heroic qualities and the local Alpine club serenading him for his latest supposed accomplishment.

The play is certainly laughable and intensely so in the present performance to those who have not tired of Mr. Wilson's unvarying methods. Those who fancy that acting consists of something other than acrobatic endeavor and the emission of strange sounds and uncouth noises would no doubt find it funnier if the leading part were played more subtly and less strenuously. May Robson, who played the deceived wife, is even more eccentric and quite as strident as Mr. Wilson, but by comparison her performance was very piano and she carried off the acting honors of the performance, making a decided impression in one scene of mock emotion.

In the supporting cast no one shone brilliantly, although Edith Barker and Ellen Mortimer were attractive as the daughters of the false hero. A young woman who represented a Swiss cow-milker in very unbecoming breeches had evidently been inoculated by the example of the star with the idea that noise combined with energy is art. It is to be hoped that by now her ideas have been modified by the



MAY ROBSON AND MR. WILSON.

addition of a vox humana stop and a Westinghouse air-brake to her accessories.

"The Mountain Climber" has its funny moments, but it is not exactly symbolical of the true, the beautiful and the good.

* * *

THE audience which would go into paroxysms over Mr. Wilson and "The Mountain Climber" would probably find Mr. D'Orsay and "The Embassy Ball" very dreary. On the other hand, the audience which would find cause for mirth in the personality of Mr. D'Orsay, as utilized by the dramatic sense and wit of Mr. Thomas, might find occasional causes for laughter in the other performance. Mr. D'Orsay has changed not perceptibly from the D'Orsay who made his hit in "The Earl of Pawtucket" some three years since, and with a knowledge of these limitations Mr. Thomas has fitted his play to his star.

Mr. Wilson has not advanced perceptibly since he made his hit in "Erminie" some twenty years ago, and uses the same grotesque methods in modern-costume farce that were effective in comic opera. Of the vehicles for the abilities and non-abilities of these two artists, it may be said that the farce appeals only to those who demand the obvious, whose risibles are reached only through the ears and eyes;

on the other hand, Mr. Thomas's comedy presupposes a certain knowledge on the part of the auditor of the ways of a larger world than that which Americans inhabit daily and, in addition, an imagination which can grasp things hinted at, or alluded to, and not actually presented or described. Of the two vehicles, perhaps "The Mountain Climber" is as good an accomplishment in the way of rough farce as "The Embassy Ball" is in the way of polite comedy. In the latter the acting of the minor parts and the whole method of presentation is immeasurably superior to that of the farce.



EDITH BARKER.

* * *

THE *crux* of the comparison comes in the respective valuations placed on the two entertainments. The press gave practically the same space to both and somewhat more praise and enthusiasm to "The Mountain Climber." So far as critical judgment went, one accomplishment was from the artistic point of view quite as important and noteworthy as the other. The thing which made its appeal to the crudest intelligence was by comparison of equal interest to the trained critical mind with the accomplishment which based its success on a more cultivated and intellectual comprehension. In the breast of "the man in the street," so far as an individual can judge, there exists a greater willingness to see Mr. Wilson's entertainment than to understand Mr. D'Orsay's.

Of course there is nothing really wrong in all this. The newspapers and their critics cater to the masses, and, if the masses are more interested in elementary art than in that which is a little further progressed, the former must receive at least equal consideration in print. The pity of it is not that the masses will not rise to the higher level, but that persons of more than average intelligence, of much more than average means and of considerable social importance rather take credit to themselves for preferring the cruder entertainment to that which makes its demand on something more than the desire to be amused in childish fashion. It is not that the performance at Daly's is a strain on the attention or calls for vast erudition to be understood. It is light comedy written in the popular vein. Nevertheless—and this



is the point of the comparison—it is held to be as good as or better than the clowning piece by too many persons who ought to make the distinction the other way, if the art of the American stage is to be raised to a plane representative of an educated and refined people.

* * *

THE return of "Happyland" to the Casino emphasizes the fact that this comic opera is of considerably more than usual musical merit. Mr. DeKoven has supplied to it no numbers that seem destined to rank with his well-known song successes, but through the whole piece there is a musicianly atmosphere that we do not encounter very often in the many compositions of the kind. The setting of "Happyland" seems to have lost none of its freshness by its absence on the road, and the cast, headed by Mr. De Wolf Hopper, is the same as when at the Lyric. Marguerite Clark seems even to have increased in daintiness and improved in her singing.



HERE'S the way they do it in Japan:

The theatres on the night of a first performance charge half price only. The actors allow a rebate for their want of completeness on this night, the slow movements of their stage scenery and the mistakes in their dialogues. At the end of the play the proprietor and the entire troupe of actors kneel before the audience, praying the house "augustly to pardon the shortcomings of their play," and promising a better performance on the morrow. — *The East of Asia*.

Wouldn't it be delightful to see Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and one of their "No. 2" companies getting down on their knees and praying their audiences "augustly to pardon" their shortcomings and other sins against the public?

* * *

THE Kavanagh bill introduced at Albany early in the session of the Legislature was evidently never intended to become a law. Whether it was only a "strike," or not, has not developed, but it has been permitted to slumber quietly in committee. The following bill, introduced last week, is intended solely for the protection of the public against powers which theatrical managers are prone to abuse:

All persons, within the jurisdiction of this State, shall be entitled to the full accommodation, advantages, facilities and privileges of licensed theatres and places of amusement, and a person who, as owner, or lessee, or manager, or employee of a licensed theatre or place of amusement, excludes, without just cause or excuse, from said theatre or place of amusement, any person, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

The Kavanagh bill had attached to it several provisions regarding the price of tickets and was evidently drafted to be beaten. The new bill is a simple one and is intended to protect all the people alike. It simply affirms a right which every one supposed was amply protected until the Trust managers undertook to show the contrary. The Legislature should pass this bill promptly, no matter who lobbies against it.

* * *

HERR HEINRICH CONRIED is pressing Mr. Oscar Hammerstein close for the position of first clown in New York's managerial circus. Here is Herr Conried's latest pronouncement:

To any one who can produce evidence that the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, or any employee, official or agent connected with that theatre is in collusion with the speculators, I will cheerfully pay \$500.

Faithfully yours, HEINRICH CONRIED.

How is any one outside the deal to secure evidence?

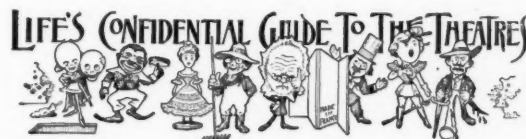
And who, except Herr Conried, is to decide what is evidence?

And if the evidence were secured, and Herr Conried could be compelled to admit that it was evidence, who on earth believes that he would in any circumstances part with \$500 or any part thereof "cheerfully"?

Hence the belief that Herr Conried's pronouncement is a really humorous sally, whether it was so intended or not.

And LIFE sees no reason to alter its statement that with the law as it is in the State of New York a *speculator in front of a theatre means a crooked manager in the theatre.*

Metcalf.



Academy of Music.—Last week of "The Heart of Maryland." Emotional war drama, well acted.

Belasco.—"The Girl of the Golden West." Interesting and well staged American play.

Bijou.—"The Music Master." Moving comedy of our own time artistically done by David Warfield and a good company.

Broadway.—"The Vanderbilt Cup." The limit of piffle except for Elsie Janis.

Casino.—"Happyland." Tuneful comic opera with De Wolf Hopper as the star.

Criterion.—Francis Wilson in "The Mountain Climber." See opposite.

Daly's.—"The Embassy Ball." Laughable play by Augustus Thomas exploiting the personality of Lawrance D'Orsay.

Empire.—Maude Adams in the title part of "Peter Pan." Interesting and fanciful child play.

Fields's.—Clara Lipman and Mr. Louis Mann in "Julie Bonbon." Contemporary light comedy with good character bits.

Garrick.—Charles Richman and good company in Mr. David Gray's "Gallops." Well presented and amusing light comedy.

Herald Square.—"George Washington, Jr." Trashy concoction for the cheap public.

Hippodrome.—"A Society Circus" and "The Court of the Golden Fountains." The acme of gorgeousness in circus and spectacle.

Hudson.—"The Duel." French emotional drama very well acted.

Knickerbocker.—"Mlle Modiste." Victor Herbert's and Henry Blossom's diverting and tuneful light opera fitted to Fritz Scheff's *chic* personality.

Liberty.—"The Redskin." Shakespearian Indian melodrama. Well staged but not convincing.

Lyric.—"Mexicana." Comic opera with catchy airs and amusing book.

Madison Square.—"The Greater Love." Notice later.

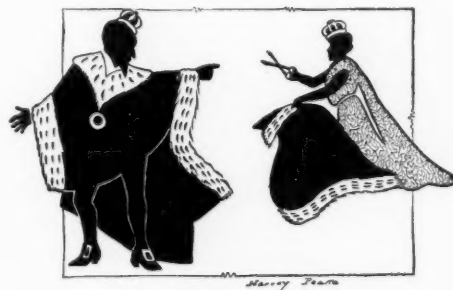
Manhattan.—"Charley's Aunt." Notice later.

Princess.—"Brown of Harvard." College life in conventional stage form. Not impressive but amusing.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue.—Stock company in weekly change of bill.

Savoy.—"Mr. Hopkinson." English company in English farce. Very funny.

Weber's Theatre.—"Twiddle Twaddle" and a burlesque on the plays at Belasco's and Wallack's. A good bill.



SARTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.

"THAT WAS THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."

—Julius Caesar.

BOOKS RECEIVED



ROBERT HUNTER'S treatise on *Poverty* has already borne excellent fruit in a volume by John Spargo called *The Bitter Cry of the Children*. Some of Mr. Hunter's statements last year gave rise to a storm of protest and denial in local school and other circles, followed by self-investigations and smug "I told you so's." Mr. Spargo's overwhelming array of facts and his quiet, frank, dignified marshalling of them makes his book not only a crushing reply to these denials, not only a powerful appeal to all who have the impulses of pity, but the most popularly understandable statement yet made of the truth which modern sociology is coming to realize more and more fully, that this question of child-health is no side issue of charity but a matter of vital, national self-interest.

E. F. Benson has tried a difficult if not an impossible "stunt" in his new novel, *The Angel of Pain*. To mix allegory and realism in a society novel is sufficiently risky, but to attempt to domesticate Greek mythology in the New Forest and to prove an abstract point in cosmic philosophy from the events of a single London season, is to ride recklessly for a fall. Of course Mr. Benson's women, his dialogue, his quiet satire and his occasional epigrams make his pages entertaining, but in *The Angel of Pain* this cleverness but emphasizes the final breakdown of an elaborate artificiality.

Holman F. Day, who in *The Pine Tree Ballads* and elsewhere has sung the sentiment and the humor of Maine, has written a novel called *Squire Phin* which is so "true to form" that it is unmistakably the prose brother to the author's verse. The "old sirs" of Palermo, drawn with Mr. Day's graphic skill, form a sort of Greek chorus to a Denman Thompson melodrama, of which the return of a prodigal to his native village to take up old feuds and settle old scores is the foundation. As usual in American melodramas, the laughter will come from the orchestra stalls and the applause from the gallery.

A new brand of local color is offered in G. B. Lancaster's tales of New Zealand sheep farmers, *Sons o' Men*. The life which the author depicts, rough men at catch-as-can grips with rougher Nature, is big in its elemental simplicity and the author is thrilled by the spirit of it. But he has overdone a legitimate artistic impulse in fitting his manner to his material, and in aiming at a rugged style for rugged stories has achieved an artificial rock-work of English which will discourage most of his readers.



THE HOUSE OF MIRTH.

If you should happen to have a little girl, and she should by any chance happen to be a very matter-of-fact little girl at one moment, say when the curiosity-question mood was upon her, and a very recklessly imaginative little girl at other moments, say when she was busy digesting your replies, you could not please her better than by reading to her the adventures of little Sue Betty as they are told by Hildegard Brooks in *The Larky Furnace*. If you do not happen to have a little girl, get one. There is nothing like them.

Margaret Collier Graham, who has already published a volume of similar Western tales in *Stories of the Foot-hills*, is the author of six stories lately published under the title of *The Wizard's Daughter*. These, in spite of their Californian setting, in spite of their modern garb and the occasional mask of an "unhappy ending," are easily recognizable as our old friends of the Sunday school library, where Providence keeps books by double entry and has pay days, of which these well-written tales are records.

The perfect presswork and general make-up of *Washington and the West*, by Archer B. Hulbert, together with the title page announcement that the volume contains the text of Washington's diary of his journey to the Ohio valley in 1784 and an introduction and commentary by the editor, all suggest a book of more than possible interest. The twenty-page introductory summary of the matter bears out this promise, but the diary is dry, matter of fact and devoid of color, and even with Mr. Hulbert's commentary demands a very specialized interest to make it worth while.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The Bitter Cry of the Children. By John Spargo. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Angel of Pain. By E. F. Benson. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

Squire Phin. By Holman F. Day. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

Sons o' Men. By G. B. Lancaster. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

The Larky Furnace. By Hildegard Brooks. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.25.)

The Wizard's Daughter and Other Stories. By Margaret Collier Graham. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

Washington and the West. By Archer B. Hulbert. (The Century Company. \$2.00.)

Thrice Injured She Whose Cause Is Shaky.

HOW much is it fair to charge an injured woman for collecting damages from an injurious man? A New York law firm in good standing collected \$17,500 in such a case. Out of this sum it paid \$2,500 by agreement to one of the lawyers on the other side, and divided the remainder almost equally with its client. The injured woman thought her proportion of the winnings—\$7,426 out of \$17,500—was too small, and indeed injury at that rate seems hardly profitable to the victim.



TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

I cannot refrain from expressing my appreciation of the many articles you have published in sympathy with and in defense of our animal friends and our beautiful birds, and I trust the delinquent officers of the Humane Society of New York will be brought to a keen sense of their duty. Outside of the humane journals your paper has done more to further the cause of protection to animals than any I know of. I have used your articles and cartoons with good results in my work in the rural districts, for the protection from cruelty of our dumb animals. I can assure you *LIFE* brings into our farm life a touch that is most acceptable.

Yours very truly,

Lily J. Ide,
Vice-President Rochester Humane Society,
RIGA, N. Y.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

DEAR SIR:

As an old subscriber, will you allow me to express the interest every fair-minded reader must feel in the article "Light in Asia," appearing in your number for March 1st? You naturally endorse the remark that most of the missionaries in China are "demoralized men looking out only for their own material advantages." This is altogether too mild and too considerate an utterance. *All* missionaries are grafters. Their salaries prove it. I know personally two young American doctors who are preparing to start the only medical school in a Chinese province of twenty-eight million people. Their combined salaries (one has a wife and child) aggregate the vast sum of \$2,100! Besides this, who knows what fortunes are wrung from ignorant patients in the so-called "free" hospitals and dispensaries of these missionary charlatans? And you have forgotten the women. There are in China "self-seeking" American women acting as teachers, nurses and doctors. Can you not find terms severe enough to brand these "mischief-making" missionaries? (Please notice the alliteration.)

We are over-refined, and it is therefore a pleasure to contemplate your high-minded and generous attitude towards the massacre of men, women and children by Chinese mobs. To quote your own phrase: "it does seem, however, that the Chinese treatment of these invaders is almost a necessity. It is certainly brutal, but missionaries are impervious to hints." It is said that there are American legislators, trust magnates and city officials who are "impervious to hints." Why not extend our own splendid system of lynch law to cover such cases?

Yours for fair play,

NEW HAVEN, CONN. A Layman.

"ARE you not the only paper in the United States that dares say what it thinks?"

NEWTON, PA. Old Subscriber.

—*LIFE*, No. 1218, page 282.



"BEGONE, YOU LITTLE RAT—I NEVER KNEW YOU."

I believe I can offer an acceptable amendment. There is one other. It is the San Francisco *Argonaut*. I have read both papers from their volume one, number one, and feel that there is more truth in me than exists in any other man who has not done the same.

Yours, while *LIFE* lasts,

W. E. Price.

DEAR LIFE:

He may live without friends,
He may live without wife;
But civilized man
Cannot live without *LIFE*.

Verily!

MARION, KY.

Chastain Haynes.



MIXED WIVES.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his earthly life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot. In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed. His "New England conscience" would not allow him, under the painful circumstances, to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription:

"Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Sacred to the Memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

"Stranger, pause and drop a tear:

For Emily Church lies buried here,

Mixed in some perplexing manner

With Mary, Matilda, and probably Hannah."

—Harper's Weekly.

THE SERGEANT DISOBEYED.

A young lieutenant of marines was drilling his company in the navy yard the other day. After going through various evolutions they found themselves very near the edge of the channel which runs through the yard. Nevertheless the order "company left" was given. As the order was executed the sergeant at the extreme right of the line discovered that to take the position prescribed would mean his walking off the stringpiece into the channel. He, therefore, stepped back behind the man next to him in ranks, who occupied a precarious position at the edge of the pier.

"Sergeant!" called the officer in command.

"Yis, sor," replied the sergeant.

"I gave the order 'company left!'" said the officer, with emphasis.

"Yis, sor," said the sergeant, "but I didn't hear the order 'swim,' sor."—New York Sun.

NEWBICH (furnishing his library): Let me see. Now I've got all the sets of standard authors bound in calf—Dickens, Scott and all them fellers.

CLERK: Yes, sir.

NEWBICH: Now I'll want something to read. Say, have you got a complete set of "Old Sleuth"?—Philadelphia Record.

PROOF POSITIVE.

DAUGHTER: But, papa, what have you against Serge? Won't he make me a good husband?

FATHER: He's a fool—and, anyway, he's only after your money.

"Oh papa, I know he would marry me without the money."

"There, you see! He's a bigger fool even than I thought."—Translated for "Tales" from "Sirekoza."



THE FIRST VIOLIN.

AT THE MATINEE.

"I just love Faversham."

"But that isn't Faversham; that's his understudy."

"Well—he's wearing Faversham's clothes."—Yale Record.

Flattery is to conversation what the kiss is to lovemaking; of the least value, but valued the most.—Saturday Evening Post.

ALL RECOGNIZED HER.

The four old captains of Salt Marsh, after carefully studying the attractions offered by the mind-reader who was to hold forth in the town hall, decided to attend the entertainment.

"We can go right from the post-office when mail's in," said Captain Gregg, most adventurous of the four, "and there doesn't seem to be any need to consult our women-folks, so far as I know. Most likely we sha'n't stay more'n a few minutes."

They were all agreed as to the advisability of this plan, and the next evening saw them seated in the last row, with interest written on their faces.

After a few preliminary exhibitions, which caused the scattered audience to gasp and wriggle, the mind-reader said, in a solemn tone:

"There is one person in this audience who has been thinking ever since he came in here of a person who is perhaps the strongest influence in his life—a small, determined-looking woman, with eyes that snap and—"

At this point the four old captains rose as if moved by a single spring and filed from the hall. When they reached the safety of the steps, Captain Gregg turned to the others and spoke in a hoarse whisper:

"Which one of us do you suppose he meant?"—Youth's Companion.

THE END OF IMPORTANCE.

The newspaper correspondents of Washington were having their biennial row over the election of the Standing Committee to represent them at the Capitol in connection with the Senate Committee on Rules and the Speaker of the House.

Ex-Senator Chandler, always liking to be around where there is a row, came along and asked about the battle. He was given full information.

"How about So-and-So?" he asked.

"Oh, he has voted!" was the reply.

"Well," said Chandler, "that eliminates him. The least important man in the world is the man who has voted."—Saturday Evening Post.

At a banquet given to the delegates of Mutual Aid Societies in Paris last week, 25,000 bottles of red wine, 25,000 bottles of white wine, 25,000 bottles of beer, and 10,000 bottles of champagne were provided, yet every delegate reached his home in safety. That shows what mutual aid can do.—San Francisco News Letter.

"AFTER all," said the transcendentalist, "what is art?"

"I don't know exactly," answered Mr. Cumrox, "but in a general way I should say it was most anything that cost you more than two dollars a seat to look at."—Washington Star.

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Cat in Background: THERE SHE IS AT IT AGAIN, BRAGGING ABOUT HER ANCESTORS.

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ON THE SEA WALL.

They were sitting side by side;
He sighed, and she sighed;
Said he, "My dearest Idol;"
He idled, and she idled;
"On my soul there's such a weight;"
He waited, and she waited;
"I'd ask your hand, so bold I've grown;"
He groaned, and she groaned;
"You shall have your private gig;"
He giggled, and she giggled;
Said she, "My dearest Luke;"
He looked and she looked;
"I'll have thee if thou wilt;"
He wilted, and she wilted.

—Sunset Magazine.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

A SOLICITOR in a provincial town, who openly prided himself on his knowledge of the law, was one day proceeding to the local court with several ponderous law books under his arm, when he met a friend.

"Why, P—," exclaimed the latter, pointing to the books, "I thought you carried all that stuff in your head."

"I do," quickly replied the lawyer, with a knowing wink; "these are for the judges."—*Exchange.*

IT is conceded that YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE is most nourishing and refreshing.—*Adv.*

HIS SNARL.

"Now, these chaps that borry money," began the Sage of Plunkville.

"Well?"

"If ye don't expect it back they think ye're a sucker, an' if ye do expect it back they call ye a Shylock."—*Pittsburg Post.*

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A MAN hopelessly lost in the bush in South Australia, after wandering about for four days, came across the telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. He had not the strength to go further, but managed to climb a pole and cut the wire. He then made himself as comfortable as possible and waited. The telegraph repairers were sent along the line, and they came to the wanderer just in time to save his life.—*Kansas City Independent.*

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

A PATRIOTIC RESPONSE.

The teacher of a Brooklyn school in which Germans largely predominate was trying to instruct her pupils in patriotism. To impress the lesson on them she draped a large flag behind her desk and spent some time explaining it to them, and telling them stories of the flag and its defenders. Confident that she had made an impression, and perfectly certain that a call for "The Red, White and Blue" would result, she then said:

"Now, children, that you have heard all about this beautiful American flag, let us sing. You may choose the song. What will it be?"

From forty lusty throats came the answer: "Die Wacht am Rhein."—*New York Sun.*

YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE is a wholesome, nourishing beverage. Best for building up.—*Adv.*

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—Wordsworth.

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"The Last American," "Gloria Victis," etc.



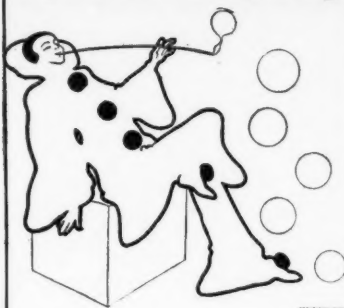
I will enjoy myself.
—Horace.

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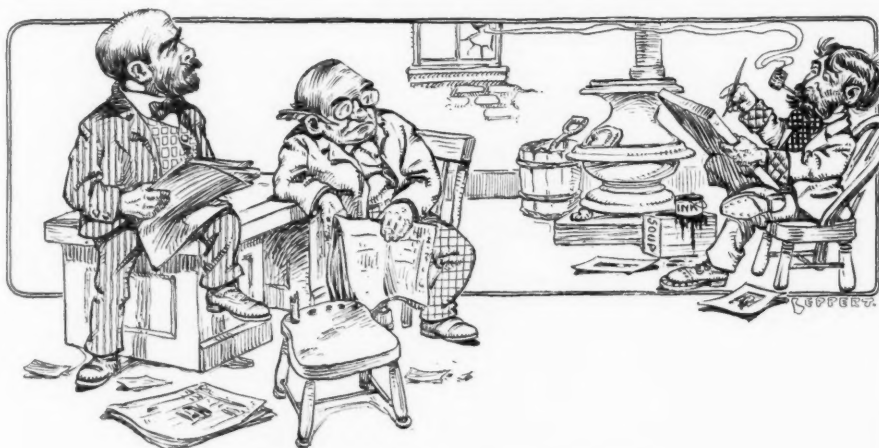
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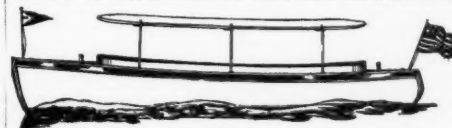
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Editor: WHY, HE ACTUALLY THINKS HE CAN DRAW!



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STRAIGHT

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SOLE BOTTLERS, NEW YORK.

*Beards make men look old.
Young doctors are glad of it.*

But most of us want to look as young as we can—as long as we can.

Williams' Shaving Stick

keeps faces young and healthy and comfortable.



Williams' Shaving Stick (Trial Size) Sent for 4 Cents in Stamps

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
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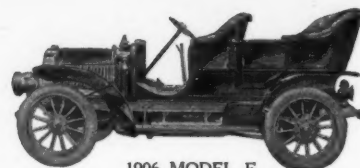
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THE name EGYPTIAN DEITIES stands for the highest attainable *quality* in cigarette-making, a quality long held as "The standard of luxury in smoking."

EGYPTIAN DEITIES CIGARETTES

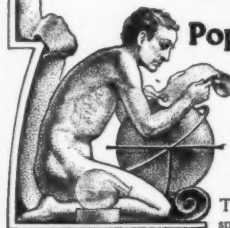
contain only the finest selections from the choicest Turkish leaf; they are "first selections," themselves, in every gathering of critical smokers.

No. 1 size, 10 for 35c. No. 3 size, 10 for 25c.



1906 MODEL F

Pope-Hartford Model F



is the result of our 28 years of experience in making and marketing mechanical vehicles and is the latest product of our famous Hartford factories. MOTOR: consists of 4-cylinder, vertical, water-cooled engine with cylinders cast in pairs; all gears encased; brake test 28-30 H. P. TRANSMISSION: sliding gear, 3 speeds forward and reverse. CARBURETOR: specially designed, insuring economy in fuel consumption and maximum power. CONTROL: throttle and ignition levers on single sector that does not revolve with wheel. DRIVE: bevel gear through propeller shaft to the rear axle. TONNEAU: non-removable, dust-proof, double side entrance. DESIGN: artistic in conception and execution.

While great attention has been given the essentials of construction, it will be found that no detail has been overlooked. Everything that will contribute to the user's comfort and convenience has been embodied in this up-to-date car. (Extension top \$125 extra). Price, \$2,500.

POPE-HARTFORD MODEL G

is our 2-cylinder, opposed, 18 H. P. touring car. The engine is under the hood and all parts are accessible for inspection and repair. This is our dependable 2-cylinder machine of last year with such minor changes as have been suggested by a season's use. Price, \$1,600.

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"EXCEPTIONAL"
"SPECIAL RESERVE O.V.G."
AND
"OLD VATTED GLENLIVET"

(A BLEND OF OLD GLENLIVET AND OTHER WHISKIES.)

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